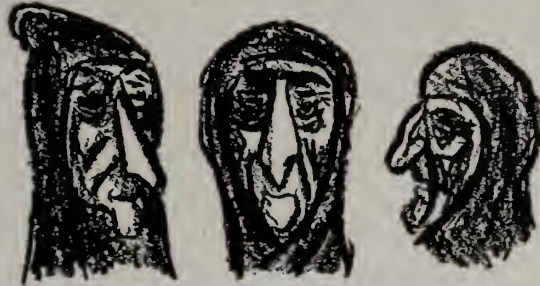


Register

Spring Issue







BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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THE

OLD

CAR

Martins Duhms '65



SUDDENLY THERE was a loud snap followed by gnashing of metal against metal. The car wobbled, skidded, spun around, and slammed into the embankment. Other cars screeched to a stop; people ran to the accident scene. Someone yanked open the door of the wreck.

"You all right, mister?"

The man at the wheel looked dazed. His face was pallid; his eyes were fixed.

"Come on mister, are you hurt?"

"The guy's in shock!"

The man slowly turned his head. He gradually became aware of the others.

"No, I . . . I'm okay."

"Mister, you almost . . ."

"Spun completely around! Gosh, all the way around!"

The man got out. He trembled. He attempted to take out a cigarette, dropped it, finally accepted one proffered by an onlooker. A police cruiser pulled up; an officer got out.

"Anyone hurt?"

"No."

"Spun completely around!"

"How did it happen?"

"Something broke; the car went out of control."

"Yeah, officer, you should have seen him. Spun completely around! All the way around! One moment I was following him; the next moment I was facing him. Just like that," said an onlooker and tried to snap his fingers.

"There should be a law to keep such old crates off the road. A menace to the public! That's what they are."

"Okay, let's get moving. A tow truck should be here soon, mister."

And the officer started to direct the traffic.

"Old crate" the man had said. Thirteen years—the car was no longer new. George looked at it. It was his first car. He could still remember driving it home from the dealer—second speed all the way. Every touch on the steering wheel, every pressure on the pedals was eagerly awaited and promptly obeyed by a ton of gleaming steel. Such power he had never known before.

They had been young then, the car and he. With youthful exhilaration they had challenged the world about them. In snow and slush, mud and rain, on wide open highways and narrow con-

gested city streets, a sort of camera-derie was forged. Whenever he laid his hand on the steering wheel, he became part of the machine, and the machine a part of him. Thus the winter had passed, and then the summer and another winter.

The time came for him to go into the service. Instead of selling the car, he put it on cement blocks in his parents' backyard, scrubbed and polished it, and covered it with a plastic sheet. Thus he left it sleeping, quietly trusting him to return. And he did return. Four years later he strolled into the yard, took the covering off, and removed the car from the blocks. When he finally took it out on the road, he felt that his homecoming was complete.

Years had passed. He had married and moved to a suburb. His wife did not understand why he kept the old car. It needed frequent repairing. Sometimes he wondered himself why he was so reluctant to part with it. He had watched how lightly other people sold and bought their vehicles. He could not fathom that. He had always dreaded the day when he would have to part with his. That the day would once arrive he did not doubt, for an automobile's life, same as a dog's, is relatively short. In fact, that day appeared to have arrived now.

George looked at the car more closely. It was really smashed up.

A tow truck finally came. The mechanic stuck his head out the window and surveyed the scene, then made a quick decision.

"Looks like this one goes to the junkyard."

"Well, I was thinking that maybe . . ."

"You mean fixing it? I don't know where you're going to get the parts. It looks like it's the last of its kind."

"The motor's probably damaged too."

"Sure it's damaged and the frame . . ."

"Come on! Get the thing out of the way! Can't you see you're holding up a lot of people?"

"Well, where shall I take it?"

"Take it—take it to the junkyard then."

It was late, very late. All the houses were dark. George stood by the window; his wife sat in the chair under the lamp and watched him.

"I'm sick of it."

He stared hard into the blackness of the night.

"Sick of what?"

"Everything. Every day it's the same thing. Get up, drive to work, work, work, work, and drive home again. Evenings I'm too tired to do anything. Ever see a mouse run inside one of those revolving wheels?"

"But, you're not a mouse, George."

"Every morning when I go in, there is a pile of papers on my desk. I work till noon and the pile is still there. I work till five and the pile is still there. The pile never shrinks; somebody always comes in with some new papers. Could I have them ready by such and such a time? 'Sure, sure, just put them there.' And the pile never shrinks. Sometimes I wonder if I have done anything at all."

"Don't be silly! You don't get paid for doing nothing."

"Sure, but suppose someone asks me to show what I have accomplished? Do I show him my paycheck?"

"Your company makes such important things. You should get some satisfaction from being part of the team."

"Yes, I know I'm part of the team. I decide what transistors, resistors, and capacitors should go into a section B43 or a section H214. But there are hundreds of sections like that. When the machine is finished, my contribution is lost in a jungle of wires and insulating panels. Can't you see that? It's lost."

George turned away from the window.

"When I came home from the army, I had such hopes. I thought I could wring everything from life that a man can. What a joke! What a cruel joke!"

He slumped into the sofa. His wife watched him, then smiled faintly.

"My husband smashes up his car and suddenly becomes disillusioned with the world. And men are supposed to be rational creatures."

His wife was being facetious. She did not understand about the car. She could not know what it had meant to him to be able to sit in it for a few minutes before starting home each day. The car had had a relaxing atmosphere about it. It had had its idiosyncrasies, and he had liked it that way. When it had needed repairing, he had done the work himself, and when it had func-

tioned again, he had felt very pleased. It had been something tangible and comprehensible. It had been. Fifteen dollars the junkman gave him. Blood-money! He felt like a traitor who had betrayed his friend and now found himself alone.

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I don't know. I guess I need a change. I sure don't want to continue living as we have. I don't know. This all came so sudden — I mean the idea that all it takes to do something is to do it. All it took to junk the car was to tell the man where to take it."

He lapsed into silence. His wife looked at the clock and yawned.

"Well, we can talk about it tomorrow. You need some rest."

"Yes, I've had a rough day."

George had a splitting headache. He wished that he could go to sleep with the knowledge that nothing had changed and nothing would change, and then again, he did not wish that at all.

The junkman came out of his shack wiping his dirty hands with an equally dirty rag. That fellow George was here again. He had come quite often in the past looking for parts which would fit

his old car. What did he want now?

"What can I do for you?"

George looked around and caught sight of his car.

"I want to buy back a part of it."

"A part? What part?"

"Here's fifteen dollars. That should pay for the damaged fender, shouldn't it?"

The junkman looked strangely at George.

"The damaged fender?"

"Oh, I'm not going to take it with me."

The conversation was not going so well. How could he explain why he wanted to get rid of the fifteen dollars?

"We're moving to Connecticut. I got a job there in a small college — mainly research work, and we plan to get a small house with a nice big piece of land around it, and . . ."

He was not getting his point across at all.

"And we plan to begin a completely new life. Here, take the money. Good-bye!"

"Yeah, good-bye."

The junkman watched George hurry away, shook his head dubiously, then muttered something, and went back into the shack.

YOUNG WIND

The cool rain has purged the air,
Cleaning it with gentle firmness.
Joyfully the air frolicks
And sings over the wide wet streets.
It snuffs out lights here and there
And runs down the walks laughing.
It climbs up a tree
And steals the firm green apples,
Throwing the cores up at the sky.

GEORGE M. A. CUMMING '64

HOW TO TRY IN LARCENY WITHOUT REALLY SUCCEEDING

Robert Mulholland '64

I KNEW he was a thief.

I don't know how I knew; he only stayed a few minutes. But I was right. He had a record in five different states for items like breaking and entering, armed robbery, illegal possession of fire arms, even a grand larceny indictment that he managed to squeeze out of. Now I had to hope he'd come back.

He did.

But I'd better start at the beginning if I'm going to tell this right. Let's see. First of all I work in a bank, behind a teller's cage. Officially I'm an accountant. I've even got a degree from a small college. Anyway, since I was just starting out, I settled for a teller's job. It paid well, but not that well. Which brings us to Leo Kiley.

Kiley is the aforementioned thief. He came back to Jefferson Savings two days later, much to my relief. You'll never know how hard it is to find a good thief nowadays. I'd been trying for almost two months, meeting nothing but incompetent amateurs. Most of them couldn't steal second base on a wild pitch. But Kiley was a man respected by the police; it said so on his record. (You'd be surprised how easy it is to get a look at police records if you work in a bank. You just tell them you think you've spotted somebody suspicious looking, and they give you a little room of your own to look at pictures of people answering the general description.) Well, the police record estimated Kiley had been caught in only about two percent of his total crimes. So naturally you can understand how glad I was to see him come back to our bank.

"Mr. Kiley, I believe."

"That's right. Something I can do for you."

"Meet me at this restaurant." I handed him a card. "Six o'clock."

"What's this about?"

"I'll tell you then. You won't regret coming."



I had to take a chance he'd show up. It wouldn't be good etiquette to be seen talking to him in the bank.

"Over here Mr. Kiley." He was five minutes early. A good sign.

"Now listen, I'm a busy guy. I don't know what I came here for . . ."

"My name is Richard Tyler. Won't you be seated?"

He gave me a quizzical look and sat down. I thought that red scar on his forehead must have been very painful. It was that same scar that had helped me locate him quickly in the police files.

"How'd you like to make fifty G's?" No sense wasting time.

"Who do I have to kill?"

"Nobody I hope. I want you to rob the bank that I work in."

"Okay, when?"

"Friday."

"Right, see you then. You'll know me. I'll be the one with the mask." He got up to leave.

"Just a minute Mr. Kiley. I'm quite serious."

He paused in an awkward half up-half down position, and finally eased himself back into the chair.

"All right, let's have it, . . . from the beginning if you don't mind."

"I was born . . ."

"Mr. Tyler!"

". . . a thief. It ran in the family. Seems it all started with my great-grandfather. He used to supply Indians with guns, then steal them back and sell them to another tribe. He used the same set of guns for thirty years. It's a good thing he swiped them back before the Indians had a chance to use them. They didn't work. Anyway I guess we're a talented family actually; none of us have ever been caught. But I'm sort of the white sheep of the family. I never really quite had the courage for thievery. So I turned to the only other field that deals directly with money. And now I'm a teller at Jefferson Savings Bank. Well, actually I'm an accountant, but we won't go into that. Anyway I'm employed as a teller. Now, when you entered our bank, . . . well, they say it takes one to know one and all that. I sensed you were a thief, and guessed you were, I believe the phrase is, casing the joint. I know I was right in the first assumption, but as for the second . . ."

"Right also."

"Yes, well you never would have succeeded you know. It's a top security deal. There is only one way."

"With help from the inside."

"Extremely perceptive. How about it?"

"How do I know you're on the level. I mean it could be a trap or something."

"I was afraid that might worry you. I can only offer you my word."

"The word of a thief. You gotta be kidding."

There was an awkward silence in which nobody spoke. Then at last he smiled slowly, and that was that.

"All right," he said, "what's your plan?"

"Good. Now, as I was saying, you never would have made it alone, because each teller has about eight different alarm buttons in his booth. But all I have to do is be too scared to push one, and you can walk right out the front door. Then the minute you're gone I holler thief, and that confuses everybody for a couple of seconds, and before you can say "grand larceny", you and a hundred big ones are off in a cloud of exhaust. You dump my half some place and then it's nice knowing you. What do you think?"

"I gotta admit it sounds pretty good. How do you know I won't take the whole bundle and dance off right across the border . . . ?"

"In which case I recognize you, identify you, calling all cars, you're in the clink, and I look for another partner. Anything else bothering you?"

"Just one thing."

"Yes?"

"What time should I be there?"

So, that was the last time I saw Leo Kiley before the robbery. We arranged all the details in about an hour, agreed on one o'clock as convenient to both of our schedules for that day, and parted.

That was Wednesday evening. Friday at ten minutes to one he strolled in. I almost broke out laughing. He was wearing a large hat with the brim turned down and a white trenchcoat with the collar turned up. My booth was finally clear, and he walked up to it.

"Aren't you being a little melodramatic with that trenchcoat and all?"

"Somehow it wouldn't seem fair to the public without it. Meanwhile shut up and fill da bag or I'll drill ya."

"Okay, okay. Say, you're not really carrying a gun are you?"

"Yeh, you wanna see it. . . ." He reached into his pocket.

"No. Don't pull a gun here, that'll ruin everything."

"Shut up and fill da bag."

"It's full. One hundred thousand. Fifty of which I expect to find under my back doorstep in an hour."

"Aw right, now don't nobody move nohow." With that he gave a sort of military salute, picked up the hundred grand, and walked briskly away whistling "The Grass is Always Greener".

The next time you're in a crowd and somebody yells thief, watch the faces of

the people. Half of them look up with an air of disbelief, half of them look scared, and the other half just don't pay any attention at all.

Anyway, the security guards took my word for it, and rushed towards my booth. I pointed frantically at the wrong exit, and they all took off while out of the corner of my eye I watched Kiley's Chevy break away from the curb.

Well that was that. For the next hour it was cops, questions, reporters, and more questions. Then they let us, the employees that is, go out for a cup of coffee. I was half tempted to go home and make sure the money was there. I could have easily enough. But no sense taking chances.

When I got back, one of the guards told me that McCutchen, he's the president, wanted to see me in his office. More questions I thought, and started towards his door.

I knocked once and was told to come in.

There were two or three policemen in the corner and a detective, whom I recognized as the first one on the scene, standing next to McCutchen's desk.

"I believe you've met this gentleman, Mr. Tyler." McCutchen was pointing at the corner. I looked up.

KILEY!

"No, I don't recall . . ."

"Save it Tyler," said the detective wearily. "You're all through. As Mr. McCutchen here was saying, you've met him, but allow me to introduce him properly." He made an elaborate gesture.

"Mr. Richard Tyler meet Detective Larry Wilkins, alias Leo Kiley."

Now some people don't know when to quit. Me, I do.

"Guilty." I hoped it sounded non-

chalant. No sense being a poor loser.

"But would you mind telling me how on earth you rigged this one." If I sounded perplexed, . . . I was.

"Yeh," the detective spoke. "We got wind somebody from this bank had been asking a lot of questions among the hoods. Wasn't too hard to trace it to you, but we had no real proof of anything. So Mr. McCutchen here came up with the idea of an undercover deal. We set up the phony records, and we were in business. The idea was for Larry, or Leo, to approach you, but you saved us the trouble by coming up to him. How'd you happen to do that?"

"I . . . I thought he looked like a thief."

"Heh, heh, I guess we did a better job than I thought."

"Yes, except for one thing . . ." Mr. McCutchen sounded critical.

"Oh yeh, we did get our wires crossed a little. One of the patrolmen who didn't know about the setup here let all the employees out, for a cup of coffee I guess. You see, we didn't know about your actual robbery plan until Larry here came back and told us. We had no idea the plan you had was for you to pocket your half of the money **during** the robbery. Now, I presume you've hidden the fifty grand somewhere. If you'll just tell us where it is, we can . . ."

"But I . . . He took it all!"

"Oh come on Tyler! Don't you know you can double your sentence that way. . . . Well, take him away boys. Maybe he'll change his story later on."

"But . . ." Then I looked back over my shoulder in desperation and bewilderment at Kiley, or Wilkins, and caught a barely perceptible twinkle in his eye.

Of course. I knew he was a thief.

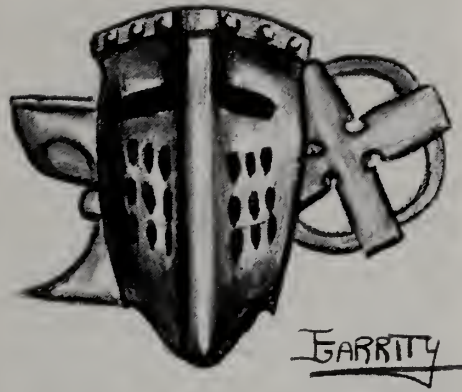
DARK ORPHAN

The cool, blank night
Has come into the world,
Crying and unwanted.
It touches here and there,
Never stopping.

GEORGE M. A. CUMMING '64

THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND

Richard Kaplan '64



THE ARTHURIAN legend is a vast assemblage of myths and fables first conceived by the Celtic population of Britain and later transformed into the British national epic by the Norman invaders, and yet later, by the compact and integrated British population of Normans, Celts, and Anglo-Saxons.

Naturally, the first question posed is: "Who was the man, the hero, or did he live at all?" As may be expected, there is a wealth of conjecture, suggestions, and half-proofs, and since we are in a time when conjectural history is frowned upon as unscholarly and unscientific, as indeed it is, the strict academician will leave any "truths" about the epic's origins in the shadows.

For our purpose, however, we shall assume the most likely of the theories, and indeed that which is closest to being proven and acceptable; namely, that Arthur was based upon the character or at least the image of a British-Roman general named Arturius, who lived about a hundred years after the Roman evacuation, and who was mildly distinguished in various victories against the invading Saxons. Robert Graves tells that he won at least ten major battles and gained possession of London. He died, according to Graves, in 538, at the Battle of Camlan and his knights buried him in secret.

After Arturius' death, the seeds of the legend were planted into the native myths of the Celts, who understandably saw in the dead hero an almost demi-god who fought for the preservation of Celtic independence and civilization. In a quite remarkable volume, *The White Goddess*, Robert Graves traced

the progression of basic mythological concepts through Europe, showing how native religions absorbed new gods and heroes transplanted from afar. Such is what happened to Arthur. It is quite a jumble of multi-named gods and titans that he found himself among, and this situation was further complicated by the presence of a fairly recently introduced Christianity. As can only be expected, the Celts did not relinquish their mythology and religion, but rather, as has been done by every converted people of Europe, accepted most readily elements and characters in the Christian epic which best corresponded to their own temperament and basic legendary heritage. The complications of mixing the Christian and pagan are not especially difficult to unravel.

Arthur was accepted as both Saint and Demi-god. As the legend expanded the interweavings of myths and fabrications and devotions became increasingly unfathomable. Nevertheless, it is a blatant truth that Arthur soon lost most if not all of the original character and became a mystic and omni-present king of his chosen people, with his followers, later to be the Knights of the Round Table, being transformations of old gods and particular local and national heroes, updated, and stuck by design or chance around the soon-to-be Christ-like figure of Arthur. (The metamorphoses of Sir Gawain will serve as an example: Gawain was an Irish hero who became a symbol of bravery and finesse; he was one of the first "knights" in Arthur's court, but later became increasingly villainous and untrustworthy.)

The Norman Invasion produced the greatest jolt to the Arthur Cycle. By 1066 the saga had nearly ceased to be a paean of Celtic nationalism and had become somewhat accepted by the Saxons as well. With the Normans, the Middle Age morals, customs and practices, namely, the chivalric code of behavior, were introduced into, nay, thrust upon England and soon became the normal standard of sophisticated and genteel living. Far from being merely influenced by the Norman way of life, the saga found itself adopted by the conquerors. (It must be remembered that many of the Normans were descended from the same Celts driven from Britain by the conquering Saxons.) With Chivalry there was the worship of the woman and the grandeur of full-blown medieval Christian mysticism, meaty stuff for a legend previously nourished on a skeleton Christianity!

Because of its extraordinary importance to the Arthur Legend, chivalry must be explained.

In his masterpiece, **The Tragic Sense of Life**, Miguel de Unamuno says, "What in fact was Chivalry . . . but a real though distorted religion, a hybrid between paganism and Christianity, whose gospel perhaps was the legend of Tristan and Iseult? And did not even the Christianity of the mystics — those knight-errants of the spirit — possibly reach its culminating-point in the worship of the divine woman, the Virgin Mary? What else was the Mariolatry of a St. Bonaventura, the troubador of Mary?"

A further discussion of this is necessary. The worship of the woman is something peculiar and universal, whose importance cannot be overlooked. Its roots extend into Paeolithic times (witness the cave paintings of gross earth-goddesses) and even today has a strong influence and significance. Europe was essentially a moon or earthworshipping continent, which is of course, considering the obvious similarities between the moon and the female, the same as saying a goddess or woman worshipping society. The Hebrews were an exception as they had a patriarchal rather than a matriarchal religion. With the coming and spreading of Christianity it was the Judaic tendency toward the Father-God that was unacceptable to the Euro-

pean peasants, who felt out of place anyway with the abstract, removed, and Latin-speaking church. Alien and unintelligible concepts, such as how many demons there are in Hell, or how many angels can somersault on the head of a pin, which many medieval theologians spent their lives pondering, rubbed against their grain, if not consciously, then certainly subconsciously.

Their primal religious beliefs had never really been destroyed by the Church, only forced "underground." The peasants, living in brutal and wretched conditions, almost all of them in some manner and sort of servitude, were desperate for some religion to cling to, to relieve their burdens. They had adhered to Christianity with this hope. But they were not able to be consoled by the Christian concepts of meekness and humility, of suffering the tortures that they were on Earth, to be rewarded in the Afterlife. But they wholeheartedly adopted one of the Christian concepts, that of a Virgin (Goddess, Woman, Sex) — which admirably corresponded to their needs. It was they who transformed the Virgin into a semi-deity, an adherence to which was unheard of in formal Christianity before the rise of Dark Ages. Paganism could not be contained. The old earth-goddess was supplanted by Mary, Pan and the primitive demon gods by Satan, heroes and martyrs by saints. Gradually the concept spread from the common people into the Church itself, and in some way managed to take hold of the aristocracy. In its baser forms, among the peasant-folk, it often took the form of utter idolatry, of a twisted Christianity devoid of Church or Christ or principles. In its most sophisticated form, among the upper class, it developed into the courtly mannerisms and social graces of what we now call Chivalry, that loftiest of all woman-worship. Most popular renditions of the Arthur epic stress this point above all else.

When discussing the legend, this naturally makes for a particularly confusing maelstrom of seemingly contradictory concepts. We have "basic" paganism (that of ancient Britain) adulterated by a skimpy, half-understood Christianity and later mixed with a mystic Christianity, which had ab-

sorbed pagan ritual, tradition, and belief, a belief, which, being so universal, almost tempts one to say that it is a basic part of man's nature. Let it be noted at least that it should not be regarded as merely so much barbarian hocus-pocus, but an urgent thrust and push in Man.

To return to Camelot:

The medieval Round Table received its standard characterization in Thomas Malory's **Le Morte D'Arthur**, the first great "English" work on the saga. It is a strange and exiting court indeed that he drew filled with all the contradictions that went before, and a few new absurdities besides. The court is Christian and steeped in mysticism, yet it is as loose as Boccaccio's Italy. (Certainly Christian mysticism reached subliminal heights in two legends of the cycle: Galahad and Parzival. True to course, these classic tales, like the more obviously pagan **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight**, are rooted in **olde** rituals and beliefs. The Holy Grail was not only a Christian relic but also the pagan Cauldron of Plenty, and Galahad was transformed from what was probably an unbelievable demigod to an equally unbelievable Saint. The various studies of the Grail and its significance to different religions and its substance and meaning in the Arthur saga would make a complex and weighty topic for a scholar to investigate. The same holds true for Parzival, who is a Camelot knight in some instances, and the mystic Guileless Fool in Spain in others. The German epic of the twelfth century, **Parzival**, and Wagner's extraordinary opera are complete with enchanted healings, visions, wizards, temptresses, and magic gardens of evil.

By this time, also, the Celtic heroes had lost all traces of their origins and were losing dominance rapidly as well, being superceded by the Normans' own favorites, such as that gallant lover and paragon paradox of chivalric perfection, the elegant Frenchman Lancelot.

What do we have now? First: a Catholic court amassed in love and war and rather hypocritical ideals, a swashbuckler's utopia. Second: a pagan mythic kingdom, whose guardian force is Merlin, a Welsh wizard, symbol and manifestation of the Powers of

Darkness, the son of a nun and the Devil, the Antichrist, a kingdom whose Hecate is the Celtic sorceress Morgen la Fey, and whose knights (originally) have magic births and divine parents. Third: a Second Coming world of strange Christian mysticism and holy supernatural journeys overlooked by the Holy Ghost and the Saviour and indeed all intangible godly forces. "... Arthur had been converted into a counter-Christ," writes Robert Graves, "with twelve knights of the Round Table to suggest the Twelve Apostles, ... Jesus' grave warning, 'He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword,' was ... joyful reassurance to the true knight that if he always observed the code of Chivalry, he would die gloriously in battle and be translated to a Celtic Paradise in the twinkling of an eye."

When these concepts are mixed, we have a scholastically confusing, but certainly fascinating conglomeration of the cross-currents of thought and the persistence of ancient symbolism and urges.

It was then that the **development** of the legend as such terminated. Any such breaking-off point is necessarily arbitrary, but it was then, for the first time, that the saga ceased to be an expanding and flourishing epic, a folk-tale sung by bards and anonymous poets who introduced into the original theme richness and originality with their grand, irrelevant, anachronistic, and contradictory material. From this point on it was to be handled by individual **authors**, who utilized the idea as a shooting-off point for their own ideas. Tennvson, in his **Idylls of the King**, presented a court pervaded by Victorian sentiments and stern Protestant morality. T. H. White created a fairyland world of gentle villains and semicomical Quixotes in his masterpiece, **The Once and Future King**; it is a sad-and-happy twentieth century idealization of a world which never was, but which should have been. Yet these two works surely did not develop the theme, but reinterpreted it, one according to the social ethics and standards of his day, the other according to a personal emotional outlook.

And so after Malory we must take into account neither the battles of the centuries nor the religious upheavals

nor the **unconscious use** of paganism and symbols, but rather the creators' personalities and philosophies and quirks. Of course these influences were always present, and indeed Malory's bawdy life was manifested in the bawdiness of his Camelot; but the effects of individual styles and tastes and bias in those earlier times **created** the legend rather than **reinterpreted** it. Indeed, one may look at the entire

saga as just so much interpretation and prejudice. But after **Morte D'Arthur**, the legend was "taken for granted"; it was accepted and sacred material, not available for drastic revision or addition. It was of value then, and for the next few centuries, as a vehicle for ideas, **personal** ideas, and when such a phenomenon happens, legends rise up from adolescence to maturity, from folk tale to philosophy and wisdom.

ISOCHRONIC

Will tomorrow think today
An unrelated yesterday?
Will today as yesterday seem strange
Because of its short cycle's change?

Will men who in their hands clutch powers
Believe the past but muted hours,
And slight experience's measure,
Ignoring history's one true treasure?

Will others hear, but soon disdain,
The words of history's subtle strain,
And, though they hope more pleasant years,
Heed not where each act's cause appears?

False creeds and hopes belong to none
Who ever greet a rising sun,
Assured that each day is a rhyme
Within the melody of time.

Today must meet tomorrow's gaze,
As need all other yesterdays,
For in them will tomorrow see
What it in essence, too, shall be.

VERNON BLODGETT '64



WHEN THE CATS ARE AWAY

Paul Rajcok '65

"GO TO SLEEP, Timmy. You start school tomorrow; you want to be fresh and bright in the morning."

Timmy's mother skillfully tucked in his covers; she bent over him and kissed him sweetly on his cheek. "Goodnight, Timmy," she said in the mellifluous tone which mothers alone have. "Go right to sleep now."

"Aw ma, can't I play with my animals for a little while?"

"No, Timmy. I want you to . . ."

"Please, ma! Please! Just for five minutes?"

"O. K. Five minutes, no longer."

He smiled and said in his innocent child-voice, "Goodnight, ma. I'll go right to sleep . . . in ten minutes."

She quietly slipped out his half-closed door, shutting the light as she went; she peeked a last look at her son through the narrowing aperture and left a small crack so that the light from the hall would reassure him if he had to get up during the night.

Little Timmy sleepily examined the small group of friends that surrounded him. "Tigery . . . You sit at the bottom of the bed like you always do. Watch

out for those beasties that creep around at night. . . . You know, the ones with the long spider legs and big ears. If one comes in, jump on him and . . . and. . . . Well, you might as well eat him."

He chuckled to himself and picked up his Raggedy-Andy doll; he propped it up against the baseboard where it sat watching him with that dumb, lovable look which such dolls have painted onto their cloth faces. "You sleep down there tonight. . . . No, you can't sleep up top; you did last night. The cats sleep with me tonight. But don't be sad; it's your turn again tomorrow."

He drew his two cats closer to him, one on each side. One was a little gray cat with friendly black-button eyes and a red ribbon tied around its neck; it was a musical cat and played that happy, tinkling music which seemed to delight him so much. The other was a slightly larger cat with black fur that was fuzzy and cuddly; it had green eyes and a red mouth that seemed to shine in the dim light.

Timmy loved cats, even though he had never had his own real one. Cat

pictures, which his mother had had painted for him, lined the walls of his room. His favorite was one of a white angora cat curled into a silky ball at the bottom of a wicker basket. Only its eyes marred the beauty of its angelic fur, and even they glowed with unbelievable loveliness.

He wound the key that protruded from his musical cat's back and listened to the happy music that emanated from the little animal.

He fell asleep; he dreamed.

He dreamed of flowers, of glistening snow, of raindrops which fell from heaven, a million shining pearls, of majestic trees with exotic birds sitting on their branches and chirping sweet songs. His heart danced to these innocent tunes as he wandered on through his fairyland.

He walked upon a road of gold which passed through fields of unsurpassable beauty. Willows, such as those which grew by the waters of Babylon, lined this gilded road, and behind them grew fields of red-plumed poppies, interspersed with verdant carpets of grass. Wildlife abounded. The seemingly tame animals came within a few feet of him and stared at him with pristine curiosity.

He approached a spotted fawn and patted it gently on its warm, moist nose. It looked up at him with its watery brown eyes and nuzzled against him; it followed him as he scampered along the road.

He soon arrived at a limpid pool around which danced hundreds of cats, beautiful cats that looked strangely delicate. Their furs gleamed with a radiant beauty which cast an iridescent mantle over everything.

* * *

He sat restlessly on the softly cushioned couch. A cigarette smouldered in his trembling hand; he stared at the stream of smoke which mysteriously rose from it, curling upward until it reached the low ceiling where it was transformed into an amorphous cloud. The cloud swirled about and was finally dispersed by a blast of cool air from the air-conditioner, which hung apathetically from the opposite wall and hummed an anomalous tune.

He looked toward the door as he

heard the click of its turning knob. A middle-aged nurse entered. Mr. Rawlings," she said pertinently, "Dr. Kern would like to speak to you. . . . Follow me, please."

"You mean . . . you mean she's . . ." He couldn't bring himself to say the last word, that last small word which seemed so large to him, so indefinite.

" . . . I'm afraid that . . . Yes, I'm afraid so," the nurse finally spluttered with a note of solicitude creeping into her usually indifferent voice. "You had better lie down, Mr. Rawlings," she added upon noticing the pallor that came over his face. "No! No pillow. Your head should be lower than the rest of your body. . . . There. I'll go get the doctor."

Whimpering like a lost child, he wandered about the small house in which he and his mother had lived alone for the past fifteen years. He searched all the rooms, expecting to see her waxing the already gleaming furniture, or arranging the already scrupulously placed knick knacks on the mantelpiece, or performing some other trivial task which she had liked to call her housework.

He stumbled to the hall closet to get his hat and coat. He opened the door. On the closet floor he saw a large cardboard box which he had never bothered to notice before.

A voice whispered to his mind, his mother's voice, commanding him to inspect the box, to see if she was there, perhaps embodied in some mundane object, perhaps an old brooch left behind for some never-to-be progeny, or a yellowing picture of her once maiden-like face, to be cherished only by the dust.

He pulled the box out into the hallway and hurriedly opened it. At its very top, sitting on some crayon pictures, vividly manifesting his childhood fancies, sat his cat — his happy musical cat. He picked it up and looked at it closely. He laughed a forced laugh, as if to satisfy some hidden spectator, who watched him with a sardonic smile bisecting his face.

He dropped it back into the box and staggered into his room, falling onto his bed. His head whirled with confusion.

He fell asleep; he dreamed.

A mist steals over the willows and all but obscures the poppies; it's an ugly mist — the type that creeps about, enshrouds, and finally throttles its prey. The gilded road shines less brightly now. It's tarnished to an almost livid hue, and it's cracked; millions of tiny cracks cover it, whispering of a ruthless nature that let loose upon it torrents of rain and gusts of mocking wind and then baked it with a cruel sun, blistering and cracking its surface.

A buck lies by the edge of the narrowing road. Its face is covered with an expression of utter despair; its eyes bulge with misery; its limbs are stiff with death.

He looks jealously at it and walks on. The gilded road is now a thin dirt path that constantly throws its choking dust

into his face. It leads him into a dark forest whose floor is soft with the dank moss and mold of infinite years of decay. A pungent odor burns his nostrils and makes his head whirl; it's as if he were walking on corpses long rotting in the grave.

Eyes glare at him from the opaque foliage of the overhanging trees, green, slanted eyes, hurling hell with each fiery gaze. He stares hard at them and discerns, almost totally enveloped in shadow, the small forms to which they belong, perched on the trees' gnarled limbs. They grab at him and scratch, knocking him onto the forest's squalid floor.

He reluctantly picks himself up and plods on toward some unknown goal, wondering where his cats have gone.

THE SHIP

About the sea a ship is tossed,
The waves crash o'er its bow.
The captain fears his boat is lost.
All seems the darkest now.

But after such a dreadful night,
The sun shines brighter still.
The ship is safe, it's won the fight.
To sink was not God's will.

But for what purpose do these storms
Prevail upon the sea?
Is any meaning in such forms
Of cruel unpleasantry?

Who knows? For storms have always been
And evermore will be,
And little ships will sail therein
On rough or peaceful sea.

Manuel W. Aran '65

NIGHT TRAIN TO ESSEN

Roy W. Bernstein '64

DUSSELDORF, 1944.

Long icicles, thick, grotesque, and many-tentacled, hung from window sills and lamp posts in the cold, grey, bombed-out city. Through the dancing snowflakes and the heavy gloom of dusk she walked. Nordic in bearing, haughty in manner, perhaps she had once boasted some little passing beauty. But now Age and Travail had conspired to rob her even of that: she had a gaunt, thin face with sharp features. Her nose protruded boldly from beneath a well-worn hat. Her hands, thrust into a ragged muff all too threadbare for its purpose, had done much work, for they were wrinkled and the skin was red. The nails were cracked.

She walked quickly across the square toward the church. How she would have liked to hear those bells . . . just once! Those beautiful, sonorous bells ringing proudly in their high steeple. Now only a mass of twisted iron and splintered wood lay strewn about a gutted church. The Allies had even bombed St. John's.

The wind doubled and then redoubled its strength in an effort to sweep her along with the fury of the snowstorm. Purposefully, she bent her steps with renewed vigor toward the railroad station. Around her, the snow swirled and pirouetted. It blew and drifted about a troop transport truck abandoned in the street. Long ago vandals and riff-raff had stripped it of its tires, engine, fenders, and hood. It lay there in the street like the helpless, emaciated body of a dying man . . . like Germany.

There was Wilhelm. Strong, hasty Wilhelm. They used to come to him for advice about everything, and he told them. He knew that the Fuhrer would lead Germany; he knew long before the others. He was wise. For Wilhelm, politics was life. Then came this hateful war. "The future of Aryan peoples is at stake," he said. "Germany can-

not afford to be intimidated!" How well she remembered that, his favorite statement.

On July 11, 1942, the War Ministry sent a letter. Wilhelm Schaffer had "heroically laid down his life for the Reich." The letter said that she should have been proud to be the wife of a "Protector of the Fatherland, a Hero." That was all.

Compulsively she bit her lip—in part because of the intense cold and in part because of the pain from the exposed nerve ganglion of memories past that she had touched. Enough, she thought, sentimentality is useless. She fumbled in her greatcoat pocket for her leather purse; she fondled it and felt reassured. Inside it was her ticket to Essen. But Grim Memory, once invoked, left not without inflecting a final, hideous wound. She had remembered: that very leather purse that she carried and touched now had been a gift of Karl and Martha.

Karl, her first-born and his parents' greatest joy. The blue eyes and the flaxen hair. The energy of youth that was his to enjoy. He too shared his father's taste for politics. "Mother, how can you say that you don't care if Germany is disgraced? Mother, surely you can't mean it!" With those words he too joined Hitler's Madness. Nineteen years old.

Before he was twenty the War Ministry nominated her a true German "Heroine", widow of one "Hero", mother of another.

Then Martha, gentle Martha. Ten years old when some heathen devil-pilot took it into his head to usurp the Almighty's prerogative: to decide who shall live and who shall die. Ten years old and killed by an Allied bomb! What end was served? Was a battle decided or a victory won? What that bomb destroyed could never be replaced; it

destroyed wantonly, uselessly, and irrefutably.

The tears welled up in her eyes. Within sight now were the lights of the station. . . . Would men ever stop this insanity called war? Why can't the Allies lay down their arms? If there be a God in Heaven, why can't He stop this senseless killing, this horrible agony of death? God, God, hear my prayer! Stop the killing; in the name of all that is good and right in the world, stop it, stop it, stop it. A thousand times, stop it! . . . In her frenzy she lost her footing in the icy street and fell in the cold snow. Slowly, she got up leaving her tattered muff buried in a large white drift. There it remained.

The waiting room was cold and poorly lit. Inside, seated on a wooden bench, a man was shivering violently. She took a seat near him and began her wait for the Essen train. The minutes passed slowly. After some time she inclined her head slightly to observe her companion who was now huddling in a shadow. He was a small man, a civilian, probably not yet out of his thirties. Suddenly, he too turned his head and their eyes met. She clutched her purse. A long moment of silence. The awkwardness of the situation prompted her to speak.

"You are a German?"

Before he finished his reply she knew the answer to her question. His clumsy accent betrayed him.

"No, I am French by nationality, but by occupation I am German. My name is Louis Cardin, carpenter, welder, and man-about-town for Herr Hitler's Invincible Army of Conquerors. And you, are you German?"

She watched him nervously take a small stub of a cigarette from his coat pocket and light it with shaking hand. He took short, gasping puffs on it.

"No, thank God, I am not." She was observing his reaction to her words; why she said them she was not sure. "I am Swiss. The Germans are creatures of Hell."

"Yes," he averred. "I hate them too."

He paused and looked at her. He gazed at her face, appraising her. She spoke.

"Are you going to Essen?"

"Yes."

Now it was she who studied him, his ragged clothes, his agitated manner. Outside, the snowstorm sent silent waves of snowflake soldiers in full battle array against the waiting room window. From time to time he stole furtive glances outside. He crushed his cigarette butt on the stone floor. Again she spoke.

"Will you be working for the Germans at Essen?"

"Yes. They have offered me work."

"To me, too. At the tank assembly plant perhaps?"

"Yes! We shall be together then? They tell me that I am to work at just such a plant."

Her questions had been asked not without some guile. Her job at Essen was as non-existent as the tank assembly plant.

"Officer!"

"Pardon me?"

"I believe you are a liar; a liar who is also very unconvincing. What camp have you escaped from?"

Her blunt words startled him. Large beads of moisture formed at his temples . . . even in the cold of the waiting room. His lips went dry. He dropped his voice almost to a whisper.

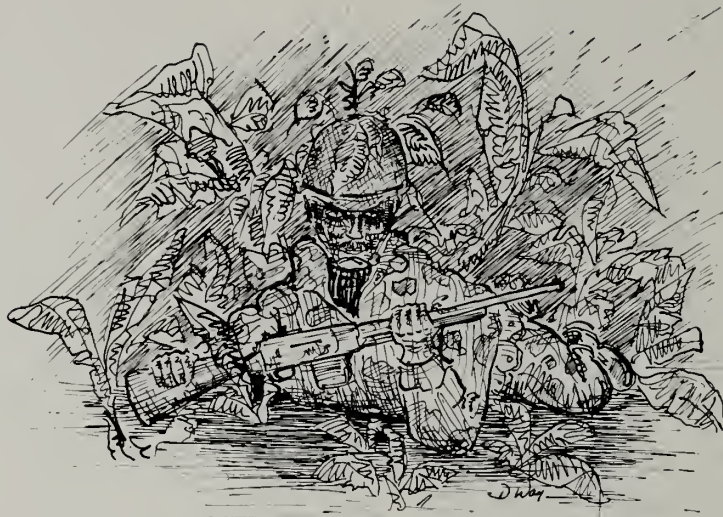
"Saabruken."

She said nothing.

"Good woman, please listen. I am an escaping British officer. My name is Colonel Michael Tresson, RAF, London. Three German military policemen are right now making their way to this waiting room. I saw them through that window. Further escape is impossible. Do you see? I have no powers. Please, I tell you I'll be shot!! Please, vouch for me . . . I am your brother, your uncle . . . please, save me!"

He had moved closer to her now and she looked at him. She turned his words over in her mind and now the shivering officer smiled meekly. There was something of Wilhelm in his face, or perhaps it was Karl. Wilhelm. Karl. Martha. Slowly, she withdrew the treasured purse from her coat and opened it with some deliberation. Suddenly she drew out a long black-handled stiletto. A flash of steel . . . and silence.

THE MOMENT TO DECIDE



Brian McGunigle '64

I

THE SUN had long since set when the small band of soldiers began their cobweb-like descent from the highlands of Lang Bian. They moved quickly and quietly, human knives slashing through the tangled underbrush that grew everywhere in the hot, damp perpetual darkness beneath the teakwood trees.

There are rules for this game, thought Dalat as he made his way down the mountainside, as there are rules for any other game. We must always move, we must always strike, at night and by surprise. We attack, we fight, we disappear into the mountains to begin again the cycle. And we have played well for we are still alive. Do what you can; do it well; play by the rules. These are the commandments of guerrilla fighting.

In the deepening darkness the men moved silently, spread ten paces apart for minimum density and maximum coverage, camouflaged with leaves and branches. It is all so familiar, thought Dalat. How many times have they advanced in this formation? How many villages, how many enemy patrols have

they surprised in the night? And how many men have they killed? Yes, it is much like a game, but it is horribly real. It is not a difficult thing to kill a man — he has done it so often — but he cannot dismiss it lightly. As a soldier he must kill, but he can never do it without some small inner anguish. Perhaps he does not really hate the enemy.

They pushed down through the forest and reached an open marsh-like clearing. The men closed ranks, halted and were told they would stop there for an hour. Dalat took off his pack and rested. Soon Captain Thuy, an old friend from Dalat's village, came over and sat down beside him.

"How's it going?"

"Oh, all right, Thuy. Tell me, do you know anything about this whole thing? All of a sudden we found ourselves going down the mountain. Where are we supposed to be going? Why the packs? Why no orders read?"

"I'm not supposed to reveal the purpose of the mission until Major Foo . . ."

"Is this another Major Foo brainstorm?" Dalat interrupted.

"I wouldn't say that exactly."

"He's been reading Mao Tse-tung again. That's the answer. 'Always keep your men as confused as the enemy.' Am I right?"

"What have you got against Foo?"

"I hate him, that's all."

"Why?"

"Well, what's he doing here in the first place? Can't we fight our own war? He's . . . he's . . . well, an outsider!"

"He was sent here to help us. He's been trained in the north especially for this type of fighting. You can't deny we've been successful."

"I'm not saying that. He's just . . ."

"A communist?"

"No, you know I don't mean that. It's his whole personality. He's so sure that he's always right."

"When have we gone wrong with him in command?"

"Look, I admit he's a great soldier. He's been too . . . ah . . . indoctrinated."

"So he's a communist! So am I! So are ninety per cent of the men in this army! What about it?"

"Foo's different."

"How?"

"Forget it. Hey, tell me what's going on here, will you?"

"All right, since you're a friend. We are to take the village of Tay Lak and hold it against a possible enemy advance. Tay Lak is about three quarters of a mile away, only one more patch of forest, then a long slope to the end huts in the village."

"How long are we supposed to hold this place?"

"The orders didn't say. I suppose we hold it until the enemy comes or we find out they're not coming."

"And if they're already there?"

"They're not supposed to be there, but we're not taking any chances. We'll spread out and circle the village from three sides."

"Any cover?"

"Not on the slope, no. But we'll stay in the forest as we circle."

"What now?"

"We eat, I hope. Foo or one of the other officers will outline the whole thing."

"If Foo does, it'll take him an hour. He'll have to make a speech denouncing the imperialists first."

"Look, Dalat, what do you expect? Entertainment? He's the best guerrilla fighter I've ever seen, that's all I care. He can talk forever. I don't pay much attention to him any more. And if you want to remain a useful member of this group, I wouldn't express much anti-Foo feeling. Oh by the way, how do you like the camouflage job I did on myself?"

"Great. I wouldn't know you unless I fell over you."

"Fine. Let's eat."

Most of the men had sat down in the clearing and started to eat, unpacking small tin cups and a meager ration of rice, washing it down with water from their canteens.

At the far end of the clearing stood Major Foo talking with two other officers, apparently discussing the situation and going over the method of attack. One of the officers motioned for Thuy to come over.

"Oh well, here we go," said Thuy as he swallowed the last of his rice.

"The voice of a dedicated communist," said Dalat.

"I am," Thuy answered without a trace of humor, "and pretty soon there won't be any others left around here who aren't." Thuy stood up and was about to walk away, but turned, leaned over to Dalat and said, "Get out."

"What?"

"Get out while you can. You're not a communist. That's your choice. Leave while you still have a choice to make. I'm speaking as a friend, who happens to be a communist."

The officer motioned to Thuy again, more imperiously. He hurried toward the group, his canteen clanking against his leafy side. Dalat watched him for a few seconds. Then he finished his rice.

Major Foo had spread a map on the ground and when Thuy approached, motioned for him to study it.

"You will take the third group of men in from the north, Thuy."

"Yes, sir."

"Captain Khe and I will take one group in from the east, that is, straight ahead in the direction we are going. Captain Muong will take another group in from the south. Muong will read the orders to the men, and the names of those who will go in each group. Is

there anyone you want to have with you especially?"

"Corporal Dalat."

"Mark that down, Muong. Is that all, Thuy? Anyone else?"

"No. Any of the other men. They're all good."

"We will allow fifteen minutes after we leave here for the men to position themselves on the three sides of the village," said Captain Muong. "At twenty minutes, the attack will begin. I'll outline it to the men, and then Major Foo will have something to say."

Dalat watched the officers talking at the other end of the clearing, then checked all his equipment. It was unbearably hot, and he hoped that the night would bring with it some relief. He unpacked and rerolled everything in his pack, and when he finished, since the officers were still hunched over the map on the ground, he lay back and closed his eyes, thinking of what Thuy had said. "Get out . . . get out . . . leave . . . you still have a choice . . ."

II

The cry of some bird jolted Dalat into consciousness. How long had he slept? He looked around. They were gone. He leaped up and was relieved to find that the tall clumps of grass all around him were getting up, stretching, and moving silently toward the far end of the clearing. He put on his pack, and slinging his gun over his shoulder, hurried across to where the men were gathering.

Captain Muong began explaining the purpose of their mission and how the attack would be made. Dalat sat in the last row of the small audience gathered in a semicircle around the Captain. Thuy found him and sat down beside him.

"How are things going, captain?" Dalat rarely used Thuy's rank.

"All right, corporal," Thuy answered a bit uneasily, "all right."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"What's going on?"

"I lead in a group of men from the north side of the village. You're with me."

"Oh. Thanks."

"Thanks for what?"

"You picked me, didn't you? I thought

you'd take nothing but good, dependable Marxists."

"Look, I picked you as a soldier. Besides, I've already told you that if you don't like communists, you should get out. I really meant what I said before."

"Get out?"

"Yes. You should. You don't realize it, but you're in a bad position no matter what happens. You're not against us, but you're not with us."

"You remind me of Foo. Everything is black or white. 'If you're not with us, you're against us.' I'm neither, so what?"

"So? You know the communists control this army, and the government, too."

"All right. So they do. I don't care. The majority of the people favored the communists. They chose their system. I don't oppose their choice — but I don't oppose communism either. I want to see if it works. I haven't made my choice yet, I'm fighting for my country now, and it still is my country every bit as much as it's yours. If communism doesn't work, the people will try something else. If it works, fine. This is my country, and in a way, an experiment in government is going on. I want to see how it works out, and I'll defend my country against anyone who says we can't make the experiment."

"Dalat, can't you see that you'll get yourself in a real bad hole?"

"How? I don't see how. I'm not convinced one way or the other. I don't see how that could get me into trouble!"

"That's just it! You can't remain neutral any longer. You've got to make a choice for your own good!"

"What do you mean?"

"If communism doesn't work and the people revolt, they'll kill everyone whom they associate with it, starting with the army. That's us! And if it does work, one of the chief objectives will be to get everyone to believe in it — not merely regard it as an experiment in government. And if you don't believe in it then, I don't know what will happen to you. But the point is that you've got to make the choice, because someday, whether we win or lose this war, whether communism works or not, someone is going to ask you whether you're for us or against us. You can still make the choice now! And if you choose the other

side, you can still leave. But if you don't choose now, you may never be able to again!"

Dalat sat quietly as Thuy took a drink of water from his canteen. Major Foo had begun speaking, explaining how easily the town would be taken, even if the enemy had troops stationed there, because they were only the weak tools of the imperialists, while his men were the army of the people, destined for glorious victory on all fronts. Foo's voice possessed an almost magical quality, and as his speech continued, Dalat noticed how many of the men looked at him with something more than respect or interest. They were in awe of him; their fixed, determined stares amazed Dalat, and frightened him.

Finally Major Foo, who had been somewhat carried away with his own oratory, concluded his speech and asked if there were any questions. One of the men asked what plan would be followed in case of retreat. Foo glared at him for a moment and shouted, "We are ordered to take this village! We will take it! We will never retreat!"

A voice answered, "Never!" Dalat turned and saw Thuy on his feet. Thuy shouted again, "Never!" The men echoed his cry. Major Foo smiled slightly, waited patiently until there was absolute silence, and then quietly ordered the three groups to move out. In twenty minutes the attack on the village of Tay Lak would begin.

A light cool rain began falling just after Thuy's group set out through the forest to approach Tay Lak from the north. Sudden, unexpected showers were not uncommon in the area, and the men welcomed any relief from the oppressive heat of the day.

In single file they made their way through the night and rain. Dalat, bringing up the rear of the group, could only see the man in front of him for guidance, and wondered how Thuy could possibly find a path through the maze of underbrush. The rain, falling much harder now, made a sonorous echo in the forest.

Dalat pulled up his shirt collar to keep the rain from dripping down his neck and thought about his conversation with Thuy. Perhaps Thuy is right, but politics and ideology are confusing subjects. Why are Foo and the others

so fanatical about their system? It is no more than a system of government, like any other. It promised things to the people, like any other. It would succeed or fail, and then everyone would be able to see whether it was a good system or not. But why must everyone believe in it? Why do they hate those who do not so fiercely? Surely one can wait and see how things turn out before committing oneself. One cannot be forced to believe. But would he be forced to make a choice? Does he know enough about it to make a choice? One can wait and see. It is a more secure feeling to be neutral. When one takes the middle course, one cannot get hurt. Maybe the decision will have to be made some day, but not now.

Suddenly the column halted. They had reached the edge of the forest above the north side of the village of Tay Lak. Thuy motioned to a sergeant, who, after a short, whispered conversation with Thuy, moved back along the chain of soldiers and motioned for them to spread out in a long line at the edge of the forest.

Dalat took the last position on the extreme right, the last position on the north side, closest to the far end of the village. He lay flat on his stomach, holding his gun in front of him, and watched the rain sheet down.

Someone was approaching from behind in the darkness. Dalat turned, his gun ready, but it was Thuy. He sat down next to Dalat, took a deep breath and sneezed.

"I'll be lucky if I'm not sick for a week," he said.

"Is that all you're worried about?"

"Oh, this is nothing."

"What's nothing?"

"Tay Lak. This'll be easy. I don't think there are any troops down there." Thuy neered down the slope which led from the forest to the village.

"Doesn't anyone know for sure?"

"We had a man there who was going to get us information, but we haven't heard from him lately."

"Listen, from my position here. I'm very close to the far end of the village. We don't have anyone coming in from that side. Why don't you let about five of us circle around and come in from there?"

Thuy considered the idea a moment,

then agreed. Dalat and three others would go.

"Now?"

"No. Wait until we all go. Then get over there quickly. Remember, advance carefully and don't shoot at anything unless somebody shoots at you first."

Dalat spoke to the three men nearest to him. They would go with him. Then he saw that Thuy was leaving.

"Thuy, wait!" he whispered loudly.

"What?" Thuy turned and came back.

"Remember what you were saying earlier about making a choice?"

"Listen, we don't have time to go into that now." He looked at his watch. "We've got to go now. There'll be plenty of time to talk after we take the village."

Thuy gave a low whistle, and the men started a slow advance down the slope toward the village of Tay Lak.

III

Dalat and the other three soldiers cut across the hillside until they reached the far end of the village. They could just barely distinguish the outlines of the huts; at that distance they seemed like large clumps of grass. They descended cautiously, keeping low and watching the village constantly.

When they had advanced to within two hundred yards of the village they dropped to the ground and waited a full minute. Dalat rested his gun on the ground and put his face on his arms, folded in front of him. His mind was a maze of thoughts which flew past like a continuous vision — the mission, the possibility of enemy troops in the village, the darkness, the conversations with Thuy, the rain, the business about making a choice, his idea of coming in on the village from this side, the rain, the darkness, Thuy, Foo, "Never!"

Then came the signal they had waited for, a second whistle. Dalat rose, picked up his gun, and with the three other men behind him, started the final run toward the village of Tay Lak.

They were about fifty yards from the nearest hut when they first heard the firing from the far end of the village. It sounded at first to Dalat very remote and entirely apart from what they were doing at this end of the village. And Dalat was very surprised when the

thought suddenly struck him that there were enemy troops in the village.

It seemed to Dalat that the whole world had split open and was bent on destroying him; the end hut in the village, which a moment ago had seemed but a lonely sentinel in the darkness, exploded into a machine of war. Shapes in the darkness that had been silent before now burst forth with roars and flashes. He dove to the ground and noticed that the three other men lay motionless nearby.

Any thought of victory was now out of the question; survival was the only thought that could be considered. Dalat tried to lie as still as possible as the bullets flew inches above his head. After a minute the guns directly in front of him ceased firing, and he saw the men manning them rise, pick up the guns and move off toward the other end of the village, where the firing had not stopped for a moment since the start of the engagement. The gun emplacement in the end hut still remained, as far as he could see, but he decided to risk getting away anyway. Slowly Dalat inched backwards on his stomach for about ten yards. Then he got up quickly and raced back toward the fields outside the village, falling finally into a ditch. Not a single shot had come from the hut.

Dalat took off his pack and drank some water from his canteen, while he considered what he would do. The firing from the other end of the village still had not abated. That meant that somebody was putting up a good fight. Dalat wondered whether he should try to reach the other end of the village, or wait and see what would happen. He tried to assess the situation calmly, and doubted if his aid would do any good. Still there was something in him that compelled him to go.

Keeping low and moving swiftly through the rain, Dalat reached the other end of the village. Dalat was not sure, because the sound of shooting kept reverberating in his brain, but he thought that there was much less firing now. He crouched behind a clump of bushes on the slope about one hundred yards from the village and wondered whether he should go in or not. He made his decision and raced down the slope, diving blindly into the first hut he came to, which, he thanked God,

was empty. But as he stood up and listened, he could not hear the sound of firing. In the absolute silence after the end of the fight, Dalat could hear voices from somewhere outside the hut.

"No, don't! Please! No! Anything! I'll tell you everything! Don't kill me! No!" It was Major Foo. He seemed hysterical.

"Will you tell us where all the other guerrillas are operating from?"

"Yes! Anything! Everything! Don't shoot!"

Dalat did not want to hear any more. He looked out the opening of the hut and left. He had almost reached the safety of the fields outside the village when a machine gun somewhere behind him opened fire, hitting him in the right leg and as he fell, in his chest. The pain flashed through him like a shock, except that it kept on burning, spreading, erupting like a volcano all through

his body. He started crawling, but to crawl was agony and so he stopped.

The end had come, and he knew it. He had been wrong, and he knew it. A searing white flash of pain and then the answer. He realized that those who stay neutral are often hurt most of all. When he thought of Foo, a wave of nausea and disgust spread through him. The time had come, as Thuy had said it would, for the choice to be made. He had been a fool, not a man, for a man would have had the courage to make the choice far sooner. The pain seemed to know no limit, extending, reaching, trying to engulf his whole consciousness. He fought it and with a final effort, ripped the small red diamond from his sleeve.

At the edge of a vegetable patch outside the village of Tay Lak at nine twenty-one on a rainy Tuesday night, a man died.

NADA

gray white
the color of ash
burnt out or at the moment of greatest heat

gray white
the worn rocks at the shore

the clouds, blank observers,
as at the end
the last moment before flame;
as at the end
when flame has passed, fled forever,
and in its wake:
eternity, barely moaning for what has been lost;
gray white ash scattering before the wind
remorseless wind — twirling flakes, dispersing embers —
nothing remaining, even to remember,
hastening ashes dancing a dance of forgetfulness;
just the wind across an empty shore
noiseless — so empty is its sound.

— MARSHALL MITTNICK '64



EDITORIALS

A DAY AT FREEDOM SCHOOL

ON WEDNESDAY, February 26, I participated in the school boycott and, along with ten thousand other protesting students, attended Freedom School in place of regular school classes. My Freedom School was located in the Brighton Avenue Baptist Church in Brighton. At 9:00 A. M. Mr. Arthur Baker, the principal of the Freedom School, called the assembly of 129 students to order.

Mr. Baker introduced himself, and then turned the assembly over to Mr. Thomas Ramsbey, the assistant principal. Mr. Ramsbey started the program by leading us in the Pledge of Allegiance and the National Anthem. He next led us in the singing of three freedom songs, "We Shall Overcome", "If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus", and "Old Freedom". The response to these songs was heartening. Even those of us who did not know the words joined in and made ourselves heard. Mr. Ramsbey then related some of the background of the boycott, introducing new words and phrases which are often heard in discussions on the problem of segregation. We were then split up into individual discussion groups.

There were eight groups, classified according to school grade. My group of about fifteen met in the assembly hall of the church, where we formed a circle of chairs and immediately began our discussion. Since my group was predominantly Negro, I was able to get a very good picture of the problems facing the Negro student in the Boston Public Schools. We discussed the conditions of the schools, and how the conditions of the schools and their faculties would affect our futures. We came to an agreement that today's Negro student will not, upon graduation from high school, have the same chance for a good college education and/or employment as the white student. Furthermore, since the Negro dropout rate is at best staying level, there were doubts raised as to the probability of the average Negro student's graduating at all. After discussing these and more problems, we sang freedom songs once more for about fifteen minutes, and then adjourned to the church cafeteria.

During lunch, we had a "class" on the history of the American Negro and of the recent freedom movement. Most of the students brought their own lunches, but those who did not were provided with sandwiches purchased with contributions and prepared by volunteer mothers.

During this period I was able to interview some of the students and administrators. The consensus of the students was that the boycott might achieve its intended purpose and that it was definitely the best way to achieve the desired results. Many of the students, who were from private schools and schools outside of Boston as well as from Boston schools, gave their reasons for attending Freedom School as just wanting to help the Negro, while others thought that the experience would be interesting and exciting.

Mr. Baker, the principal, seemed to have some different views on the questions at

hand. He thought that the charges of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of which he is an active member, could have been first investigated in the courts. He felt it necessary, however, to bring the schoolchildren into the fight, because it would show that the students care about their schooling.

I share these opinions with Mr. Baker. I believe that the boycott may have been a little bit rushed, but it certainly succeeded in showing the public that the students themselves are as concerned about the racial problem as their elders. In reality, the problem may not be in the schools themselves, but in the local neighborhoods. Housing is probably the biggest problem that faces the Negro today. The thing is, however, that the housing problem is not an easy one to remedy. It would take twenty or thirty years to integrate all the communities of Boston. To solve the school problem, as I have heard, might only require sitting down before a map of the city and changing a few of the district boundaries for the schools. This might solve the problem of the Negro not getting into the high school of his choice, because he would be able to attend an elementary school that would prepare him more fully perhaps for higher education. To underscore this situation, the boycott was necessary.

After a brief period of more discussion in our separate groups, we all received our Freedom Diplomas. The diploma reads: "Be it known that on this twenty-sixth day of February in the year 1964 A.D., did participate in the "stay-out" for freedom and did join with other citizens of Boston in the pursuit of freedom and equality for all men in order to create a more perfect world where peace shall reign and true brotherhood prevail, and did attend and satisfactorily complete the requirements of an experiment in democratic education."

I was never quite as proud as when I held my Freedom Diploma and sang the songs of the freedom movement side by side with my Negro brothers and sisters. This was an experience which I shall surely remember for the rest of my life, and which, I sincerely hope, will not become necessary to repeat.

Mitchell Kertzman, '66

A SALE OF WHEAT

Since 1961 the United States has appealed to its allies in an effort to maintain an effective Cuban trade quarantine. It appears that now our allies feel we have been somewhat insincere, in view of our recent wheat deal with Russia, which hardly puts us in a position to object to Britain's sale of buses to Cuba, France's trade with Cuba and her rapprochement with Communist China. As the head of the British bus company which sold 400 of its machines to Cuba put it: "If America has a surplus of wheat, we have a surplus of buses."

Our wheat transaction with the U. S. S. R. has had unfortunate ramifications in the West. For some time the members of the Western alliance seem to have been working at cross-purposes and a lack of unity has been apparent. But increased trade by our allies with communist nations is a natural consequence of our own trade with Russia, and shows that we can no longer expect others to play by the rules we dictate if we ourselves fail to follow them. One wonders just how much the United States is really gaining when the profit from the wheat deal is balanced against the further damage it has inflicted upon the already much-weakened Western position.

The lack of Western unity can be attributed to the independent economic attitude of our allies, to de Gaulle's illusions of power, and to the attitude of the British towards relations with the Russians. Recently Britain granted long term credits to the Soviets, apparently working on the theory that a well-fed communist is happier, and therefore easier to deal with. This view amounts to nothing less than appeasement of the enemy, and is strongly reminiscent of the British view with regard to Germany before World War II.

It is too late now for the United States government to do anything to stop the wheat transaction. But unless we adopt a stronger policy against any and all future trade with communists, carried on either by ourselves or by our allies, the concept of a West united against communist aggression will cease to be a possibility. Already it has ceased to be a reality.

Brian McGunigle '64

LORDS AND MASTERS



— Hadley

MR. MIETHE, who teaches in room 318, was born in Boston and attended the Latin School. He obtained his A.B. from Boston College and his Ed.M. from Boston College Graduate School. Since 1957, he has been teaching science at BLS and is currently in charge of the school's Science Fair.

As a technical sergeant in the Army, Mr. Miethe was stationed in Panama, where he served as a gunnery engineer and taught pre-gunnery mathematics. He also worked on the Caribbean Defense Commission.

Mr. Miethe's interest in science extends far beyond the classroom. His many hobbies are extensions of science in general. Convinced that sports and the great outdoors present a thrilling way to enjoy the sciences, Mr. Miethe occupies himself in the pursuit of sports such as skiing, swimming, scuba diving, and parachuting. He also takes pleasure in the creative arts of designing and building.

Mr. Miethe believes that, in general, students at BLS today do not exhibit the high degree of initiative that was common in past years, but, he maintains, "The promise of Latin School is still here and is fulfilled by a goodly number of graduates."

MR. WILLIAM A. MAISEY, JR., who teaches mathematics in room 211, was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts. A graduate of Charlestown High School, he received his A.B. from Boston College in 1940 and his Ed.M. from Suffolk University in 1954.

Mr. Maisey has been in the Boston School System for four years. He previously taught at the Center School in Hardwick, Massachusetts, where he was also the principal, and at the Hudson High School in Hudson, Massachusetts.

During World War II, Mr. Maisey served on PT boats in the Mediterranean and Pacific, and is now a commander in the Naval Reserve. Aside from reading, Mr. Maisey finds little time for hobbies since teaching and his five children keep him well occupied.

Mr. Maisey is happy with the math program at the Latin School. In his pedagogical philosophy, he stressed two points: that the textbook is secondary in importance to the teacher, who must interpret the material and stimulate the class; and that the able student should advance as rapidly as possible.

Mr. Maisey advises students to keep trying and keep working. "Don't be discouraged, and above all, don't quit."



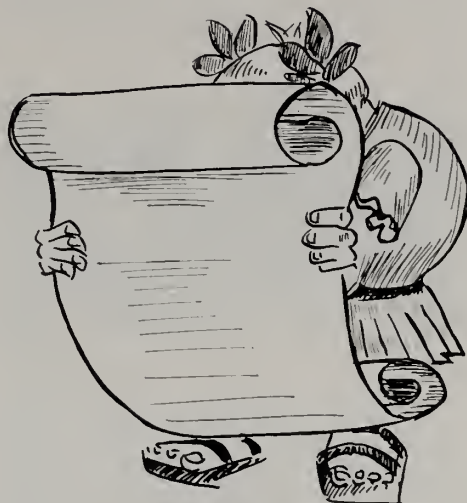
— Hadley

SOMETHING OF INTEREST

THE ANNUAL Christmas Assembly was held on December 19 with the Glee Club and Orchestra entertaining. Speakers presented selections on the Christmas theme: "Christmas Around the World", "J. B. Dawes", and an excerpt from Dickens' famous **Christmas Carol**. The Headmaster presented the Grinnel Award (\$250) to Senior Dan Needham for "leadership among classmates and a balanced average in Scholarship, Self-adjustment and School Spirit".

The following evening the American Chemical Society sponsored a "College Bowl" type science contest on WHDH-TV's "Dateline Boston". Latin School, represented by Stuart Flashman, Howard Stern, Michael Chopek, David Kelleher, and Seven Ellias defeated Wellesley High. On January 16 these five boys defeated Framingham High. In the decisive match on February 21, Latin School defeated Stoneham High to become an undefeated champion, being the first school to win this distinction. These contests give adequate proof that BLS, a classical, college preparatory school, is keeping abreast of the times in all fields.

On January 26 Station WEZE broadcast a radio program entitled "The Military Science Program in Boston



Latin and English High Schools". Lt. Col. Kelley of BLS was moderator, and Latin School was represented by Tom Maffei, Bob Daley, Steve Burrell, Jack Peterson, and Jerry Sullivan. That same evening on WBZ-TV's "Tomorrow's World", the BLS Debating Society successfully debated with B. C. High School the topic, "Wheat Deal with Russia".

The Social Science Club on January 29, had as its speaker James J. Craven from Jamaica Plain, who discussed the loss that the untimely death of President Kennedy was to this country and the world.

Martin Flashman (Bates College), Brian McGunigle, Marshall Mitnick, Steven Ross, Barry Schneider, and Peter Silverstein were announced Finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Test.

Henry Katz, Brian McGunigle, Howie Pruzon, and Ron Stoia, accompanied by Mr. McCabe, attended a National Honor Society Conference at Natick High School on February 1 to discuss NHS Problems and Methods of Improvement.



— Wish

Congratulations to Marshall Mitnick and Brian McGunigle for being awarded a certificate for excellence in writing by the National Council of Teachers of English. Congrats also to Roland McBride, Cadet Master Sergeant in Boston Squadron, Civil Air Patrol, who was awarded his Certificate of Proficiency on February 7 by Major DiMilla. M/Sgt. McBride is also on the Squadron's Championship Drill Team and a member of the Squadron Rifle Club.



— Wish

On February 14 executive members of the Gridiron Club of Greater Boston came to BLS to award a trophy to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Joseph Benet (BLS '17). Mr. Kelleher, the President of the Club, said that the gold watch would be awarded to an outstanding football player and academic student, Mike Quinn. After a few words of thanks from Mike, Swede Nelson enlivened the audience with numerous jokes and a laudatory "Latin School was the best school in the world and probably the best in the Universe".

On February 28 and 29, members of the Social Science Club, as delegates representing England and Cuba, attended a Model United Nations at Boston College. Friday, the delegates attended caucuses of the Eastern and Western blocks to discuss their strategy and position on the proposed amendments to the U.N. Charter. After the General Assembly, a banquet was held at which an English delegate from the U.N. spoke.

* * *

In this issue, the **Register's** "Famous Alumni" column features a doctor, a writer, a prelate, and a professor.

Dr. Leroy S. Minor ('01) was cited by Boston University as their outstanding

Medical Alumnus, being the only man ever to hold two full professorships, one at B. U. and the other at Harvard, at the same time. He is now Professor Emeritus at both schools. He graduated from Harvard Dental "cum laude" ('04), earned his M.D. at B. U. ('07), and practiced oral surgery and dental medicine. He was Dean of the Harvard Dental School from 1924-1944. In 1937 he became President of the American Dental Association.

Theodore H. White ('32) won the newsboys' scholarship for Harvard, graduated "summa cum laude" in History ('36), and was awarded a Sheldon Traveling Scholarship. He has written several articles for various periodicals including the **New York Times Magazine**; a best seller, **Fire in the Ashes** (1954); he accompanied the late President John F. Kennedy in his Presidential campaign from which he gathered material for his Pulitzer Prize winning **The Making of a President** (1960).

Rt. Rev. George A. Schlichte ('39) was Circulation Manager of the **Liber Actorum** and Colonel of the Regiment. A graduate of Annapolis ('42), he served three years in the Navy, then went to study at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, and the North American College in Rome. He was ordained there in 1950. After assisting at St. Mary's in Charlestown, Cardinal Cushing appointed him Vice Chancellor of the Boston Archdiocese and then Rector of the Pius X Seminary for Delayed Vocations at Weston, Mass.

Thomas J. Hegarty ('53) was a member of the National Honor Society, a Franklin Medal Scholar, first violinist in our Symphony Orchestra, a **Register** Staff member, and in 1953 was awarded FIRST PRIZE in the National Merit Scholarship Contest. At Harvard he earned the **Detur** honor, membership in the "Junior Eight", an A.B. "magna cum laude" in '57, an A.M. in '58, with excellence in Russian, and a Ford Foundation Scholarship to Leningrad, Russia. Returning to Boston, he became Assistant Professor of Russian at Brandeis University, a lecturer on Post-Crimean Affairs, and is now completing his thesis for his Ph.D.

Stephen Curran '64



SPORTS

HOCKEY

Latin vs. B. C. High

After downing Trade 4-1 and nosing out the never-say-die boys of Dot, 12-2, Latin faced its first "must" game of the season when it met co-leader B. C. High. B. C. scored early and held a 1-0 lead through the first period. The difference for the Eaglets was the slightly unnerving play of goalie "Lucky" Fulchino. Before the second period was a minute old, the Eaglets had scored again and Latin was now down two goals. A few seconds later, Paul Souza cracked the invisible shield on a cute breakaway to make the score 2-1. 'Twas time for the first line, and at 2:15, Brian Doherty rammed Bob Walsh's goalmouth pass under Fulchino to tie it up; before the exultant stands quieted down, Brian had scored again on an identical play, this time from Larvey, to put Latin ahead 3-2. Souza scored again at 6:45 of the finale, but the play of the day did not come until the issue was no longer in doubt. At 9:45, after B. C. High had pulled its goalie, Bob Walsh fired on the open net. A B. C. defenseman averted a sure goal by throwing his stick at the puck, and was rewarded for this excellent bit of cunning by having a penalty shot called. Fulchino returned to the nets to face Walsh, but it made no difference to Bob, who skated in, faked twice, and beat the prostrate goalie for his sixth goal of the year and Latin's fifth of the day. The final: 5-2.



— Markos

Latin vs. Tech

After a blood-curdling meeting with Dorchester (10-1 this time), Latin began its series with Technical, a series that decided the championship and in the process supplied the league with its three best games of the year. At 6:52 of the first period of the first game, there commenced a season-long battle between Bob Walsh and Bob Regan, Tech's all-city goalie of the pre-Digger era. This time Walsh came out on top, jamming Larvey's pass under Regan for a 1-0 lead. At 9:45 of the second period, after surviving a constant Tech attack helped along by two power plays, Digger was beaten on a quick shot off a face-off and the score was tied, 1-1. At 4:51 of the finale, after Mike Quinn had corralled the puck in the Tech end, Larvey centered to Walsh,

who whistled the winning goal past Regan for a final score of 2-1 and a first place in the City League.

Latin vs. B. C. High

The next two games were shutouts for Ron DeGregorio, as Chip Hoar's 2 goals paced a 3-0 win over English and a 5-goal onslaught by the first line downed Trade, 5-0. Latin then played their final game with B. C. High, and this time the Eaglets were sent home until next year, as Latin won 2-1. Walsh scored unassisted at 9:16 of the second period, but, after Digger had stopped everything but the traffic for two and a half periods, Callahan of B. C. found an inch or two between Digger's skate and the post and slipped in a rather exasperating goal at the 5-minute mark of the third. Two minutes later, however, with the first line pressing, Brian Doherty, who delights in scoring against B. C., took a pass from Walsh and fired it under Fulchino for the winning goal.

Latin vs. Tech

After an 8-2 classic with Dot (noteworthy because Bob Walsh had 8 points), Latin began a back-to-back showdown with Tech. At 8:22 of the first period, a scramble in front of the Tech net produced a score by Doherty, from Walsh and Larvey. After nearly the entire second period had been played without a score, all Hades broke loose in the last minute. At 9:10, Tech tied it up; 38 seconds later, Latin scored, on what yours truly humbly submits as the best play of the year. Larvey and Walsh broke out from center ice and exchanged passes twice on the fly; Larvey's last feed sent Bob in alone on the bewildered Regan and the lamp lit rapidly. Thirty seconds after the start of the third period, Walsh frosted the cake from in close, on passes from Doherty and Potter, for a final score of 3-1.

The final encounter with Tech turned into an unbelievable battle of the goalies. Ron DeGregorio, playing his best game of the year, was just a bit better and Latin clinched the City League Pennant. The first period was all Latin, but it was also all Regan, and as a result, there was no scoring. At 0:08 of the second period, Bob Walsh took a pass from Doherty, split the defense, and, after faking to Regan's right, shot across the face of the net and

tucked it inside the left post for a picture-book goal. At 6:06 of the same period, however, Tech tied it up, only to have Walsh untie it at 9:24. In the third period, Tech had two breakaways and two of those 'who-got-it' scrambles in front of Digger, but, incredibly, they could not score, as Digger stopped everything.

Congratulations to the whole team for their third straight City championship but it could not have been done without the efforts of the two "big kids," Mike "Quahog" Quinn and Bill "Wilburn" Potter — and hang on, it's tourney time.



— Wish

Latin vs. Barnstable

In the qualifying round of the State Tourney, Latin simply out-classed Barnstable and won 2-0. Don't let that score fool you, however: had it not been for the excellent play of the Barnstable goalie, it could have been 10-0, as the shots on net were more indicative of the action: 44 for Latin, 8 for the Cape Codders. At 8:15 of the opening period, Brian Doherty poked Bob Walsh's pass under Long for a one-goal lead. At 0:30 of the second period, Bob scored himself, as Doherty, after much wheeling and dealing to the left of the net, put a perfect centering pass on Bob's stick for goal number two. There was no more scoring (although Walsh had a deflection goal disallowed in the final period), but the action had just begun. The second line of Paul Souza, Chipper Hoar, and Jimmy Greene played tremendous hockey, enabling Coach Thomas to rest the front line for longer intervals, and the defense was immense, as countless Barnstable rushes were broken up either by the quick thinking of Billy Potter or the obstrusive intervention of "the Quahog"

Latin vs. Newton

In a game turned into a travesty by atrocious, almost suspicious, officiating, Latin was eliminated from the tourney by Newton on a score of 3-2. At 3:37 of the first period, Newton scored on Digger for a 1-0 lead, and, helped by 2 hair-splitting penalty calls on Mike Quinn, maintained the lead throughout the period. A minute into the second frame, Newton stole the puck in the Latin end, and, after a scramble around the net, Digger froze the puck. The quick-thinking official blew his whistle, and Digger released the puck. Dick Toomey of Newton rapped the dead puck into the net, and the referee, apparently not wanting to have to disallow a Newton goal, let the score stand, and neither the reasoned arguments of DeGregorio nor the frantic protests of Bob Walsh and Mike Quinn could change his mind. A few moments later, Newton got a legitimate goal and the score was 3-0. As B. C. High can attest, nothing is harder to stop than a fired-up Latin team, and at this point Latin was seething. At 4:24, Walsh took a pass from Larvey, wheeled and dealed to the right of the Newton cage, and flipped one past McLatchy, the goaltender. At 6:27, Potter fed Bob for an identical goal and it was 3-2. Early

in the third period, Latin had a two-on-one break with a good chance for a score when some complete idiot in the Newton stands blew a whistle—the play stopped. A minute later, Brian Doherty's rebound was poked at by Bob Walsh. Ten thousand eyes saw the puck trickle over the line, lie there for a second or two, and then get pulled out by McLatchy. But incredibly, for the second consecutive year, the one person in the Arena who did not see the goal was the one who should have seen it—the goal judge, who had decided it was more important to talk to a cheerleader than to watch the net. The referee, who was in a perfect position to see the score and could have overruled the goal judge, refused to do so. Seven minutes later, the 1964 hockey season ended for Boston Latin in a hail of debris and an outburst of justifiable bitterness never before witnessed in high school hockey. This demonstration was one of frustration and disillusionment: we were foolish enough to believe that a state tournament game could be run honorably. So, go ahead, Newton: if you can be satisfied with a win like that, you can have it! To the team our congratulations; to the adults who "officiated", our thanks: you set a great example.

TRACK

Because of the demolition of the East Newton Street Armory, there were doubts as to whether Indoor Track could be contested this year. Fortunately, the Commonwealth Armory facility was made available for several dates, but since the track serves many other purposes, the number of meet days was limited. Despite these inconveniences, the team was larger than in recent years, and, reports Coach Patten, enjoyed a vastly improved season.

Class A, regularly the weakest class, formed the nucleus of the attack. Sterling performances were turned in by Co-captain Cliff Janey in the dash, Co-captain Rick Mitchell in the hurdles and

broad jump, undefeated Charlie DiSessa in the 1000, Ron Baker in the 300, and Ty Powell in the 600. Other consistent point scorers were Branca, Burrell, Sal DiSessa, Shain, Vozella, and Kennedy in the short races, Lee, Donegan, Shea, and Berenson in the longer distances, Butler and Golden in the field events. Regrets go to Bob Patukonis, whose shoulder dislocation, suffered in the B. A. A. Relays, lost him a shot at a possible place in the Reggies.

Class B point getters were led by Carl Landrum, a very strong competitor in the 600, Eric Grey, Henry Johnson, and Mitchell Johnson in the short distances, Grey in the broad jump, Phil

Chin in the hurdles, John Fedorchuck in the two mile, and Frank Casella in the shot put.

A great deal of promise was shown in Class C where established runners like Ken Paige, George Guild, Lincoln, Pope, Frank Reid, and shot putter "Ted" Tedeschi took top honors. Paige took top honors in the Regimental Qualification Heat.

Latin finished third behind Technical and English in the City Meet, but suc-

ceeded in narrowing the margin considerably from that of recent years. In dual meets, the Purple rolled over Trade and gave Tech and English a good battle in losing efforts.

Coach Patten is quite pleased with the team's progress. He predicts, "a city championship in the near future if we continue to display the degree of determination and spirit that kept the squad hopeful of victory all season long. The boys truly merit it."

BASKETBALL

A combination of poor gyms, lopsided balls, and bent baskets combined to give Latin a disappointing 3-11 record this year. The team finished fifth in the city league, but managed to score a one touchdown, sorry, a one point victory over rival English.

Jim Kulbacki was the star of the Purple Hoopsters this year. Finishing third in the city's scoring race, big Jim scored many key baskets, and was invaluable under the boards. Junior Rick Donahue provided Latin with some much needed height and began to come around as a scorer, getting 25 points in the final game. Senior Bill Timpson improved steadily and emerged as a fine forward to the surprise of all.

Junior Mike Goodliss whose fine defensive work saved Latin from total humiliation on many occasions was the left guard, flanked by Fitzgerald whose hustle and ball-handling skill leaves Latin with a ray of hope for next year.

The team was greatly assisted by its many able benchwarmers. Led by scoring ace Stanley Karp, Artie O'Leary, Henry McClaughlin, Bobby Allen, Brad Moraan, sophomore Swede Jorgensen and Jimmy DeMarco, they came off the bench many times to give the starting five a rest.

The high point of the season rightly came in the finale with The Boston Institute for Discarded Latin School Boys,



— Hadley

better known as English High School. The Purple and White emerged victorious in a fine all-out effort.

English took an 18-12 lead after the first quarter, but Latin was kept in the contest on the strength of a six point effort by Kulbacki. The Blue and Blue again tried to vainly shake the persistent Latin men, but were unsuccessful as they trailed by seven at half-time, 38-31.

In the third quarter, Latin continued to hold their own as Kulbacki scored six more big points aided by a six point effort from Donahue.

The fourth quarter was all Donahue as the big center came through with twelve points. It still took a bucket at

the buzzer by Stan Karp to clinch the victory for B. L. S.

In spite of this year's unsuccessful season, much fares well for next year since three of our six starters were Juniors and a goodly number more on the bench were underclassmen.

CHESS TEAM

THE PURPLE AND WHITE Woodpushers once again present a respectable record. Although only three regulars (Dave Woo, Marty Duhms, and Dave Nathanson) returned from last year's team, some excellent new players amply filled the gaps.

In the season's opener Latin edged Newton South $5\frac{1}{2}$ - $4\frac{1}{2}$, with wins by S. Flashman, G. Allegra, K. Yee, and H. Stengel together with draws by Woo, Duhms, and G. LaFlamme assuring the victory. Latin then trounced Christopher Columbus 9-1 and Tech 9-1. The match against English went smoothly. The score was $6\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$, with wins by Allegra, Logan, Bloomberg, Olszewski, Fish, and D. Chin. As the winning streak continued, BLS crushed Cambridge Latin $8\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ with Duhms, Allegra, LaFlamme, Kantzian, Logan, Sten-

gel, Bloomberg, and Fish winning.

The match against Arlington, Latin's jinx opponent for the past two years, did not go so well. On arrival, their coach immediately lodged a protest. They had tried four doors before finding one unlocked. The forgetful culprit was never discovered. Logan was Latin's only winner. The final score stood $2\frac{1}{2}$ - $7\frac{1}{2}$.

Latin bounced back with a $6\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$ victory over Brookline, but went down again in an upset defeat against Newton South. The score was 4-6.

As the season moved into the second half, Latin beat Christopher Columbus, Tech, English, and Cambridge Latin again. Return matches with Arlington and Brookline lie ahead. As things now stand, Latin will finish second place in the GBI Chess League this year.

LOW TIDE

The green blue water
Strolled beneath the bridge
Slowly, lazily,
Without even looking overhead.
The tall dark pilings
Watched silently
As the cool water
Insolently passed by.

GEORGE M. A. CUMMING '64



THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Jan. 6: Ye R. R. R. believes that with this issue he will be the first of his ilk ever to publish elephant, grape, banana and assorted fruit and animal jokes all in one magazine. Certain reactionary elements have already expressed a desire that he be the last to do so. Nonetheless . . .

What is Steinbeck's most famous novel?
Elephants of Wrath.

What's purple and lies in Massachusetts?
Grape Boston.

What's purple and writes western stories?
Zane Grape.

What's yellow, grows on trees, and goes click-click?
A ball-point banana.

What's yellow and comes in twenty-four volumes?
The Encyclopedia Bananica.

What's orange, is found in New York, and is hundreds of feet high?
The Empire State Pumpkin.

What's tall, thin, green, and dances?
Fred Asparagus.

What's grey, has four legs and a trunk?
A mouse on vacation.

Jan. 30: Queen, Ellery: "Two trains are speeding down the same track on a direct collision course. One train is engineered by a Norwegian, the other by a drunk. Why won't the trains collide?"
Holmes, Sherlock: "Because Norse is Norse and Souse is Souse and never the twain shall meet."

Jan. 31: While on a recent trip to New Hampshire, Ye R. R. R. spied a man drinking beer on top of Mt. Washington. He was high on a hill.

Feb. 4: Overheard in 307:
"Fleckboil, name the principal contribution of the automobile age."
"Well, for one thing, it stopped horse stealing."

Feb. 6: To Ye R. R. R. an optimist is someone who does a math test in ink.

Feb. 13: A certain master on the third floor, in the habit of calling everyone "Willie", was appalled to find nineteen test papers signed, "Willie."

Feb. 14: Nineteen students named "Willie" received zeros.

Feb. 25: Overheard in Drill Hall:
Colonel: "Private Sergeant!"
Private: "Yes, sir?"
Colonel: "Just think. Next year you'll be Sergeant Sergeant or, as they say in the Math Department, (Sergeant)²."

March 2: Muddy River Sea Resort will be closed to swimmers this season. Ye R. R. R. is fit to be tide.

March 4: Overheard in 331:
M. F.: "We're going on a sleigh ride tonight."
P. J.: "Balls of fire! Whom are you going to kill?"

March 9: Hear about the Parisian who kept diving into the local river? Poor chap . . . he was committed to an institution for the "in Seine."

March 10: Overheard in 330:
"Now listen, boys. Figures can't lie. If one man can build a house in twelve days, then twelve men can build it in one day. Err, yes, Dumnorix, a question?"
"But, sir, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in six days, then six ships can cross in . . . Sir? Sir?"

March 12: Ye R. R. R. has decided to

study mechanical arts in college; that way he can stay on the other side of the draft board.

March 16: Overheard at band rehearsal:
Critic: "Yes, your music is distinctly Latin American. It's revolting."

March 18: Then there's the destitute baker. He kneaded dough.

March 23: Ye R. R. R. has discarded a plan to blow up Mt. Rushmore. It might shatter too many presidents.

March 24: Overheard in 307:
"Davis, here's some money. Buy me a coffee shop."

March 27: Overheard at the Debating Club:
Khrushchev: "Obviously Russian student better than capitalistic student."
B. L. S. Man: "How's that, sir?"
Khrushchev: "Yes. Is so. Russian student judged only by his Marx."

March 30: Today Ye R. R. R. bought the latest toothpaste. It has food ground into it for people who don't have time to eat between brushings.

April 2: Overheard in "Resthome 106":
"Miss Taylor, you are a veritable Clara Barton."
"Really? How long do you think you can nurse that joke?"

April 3: In conclusion, Ye R. R. R. observes that if you laid all the eyeglasses in the world end to end, it would be quite a spectacle.

— "Great wits are oft' to madness near allied." — **Alexander Pope**

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